

The Rule of Three in Fashions.

ONE of the newest models approved by the master designers of Paris abides by the rule of three—slim silhouette, combination of materials, panels. The frock is serge with a sleeveless, uneven coat of satin. New hats are much trimmed, often with feathers.

The Wolves of New York

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY
Just As Lillian Discovers She Has Been Robbed Moncrief Calls With Scheme to Recoup Her Losses

Part One—(Continued)

"But I did not know, madame," Lillian frowned with annoyance, but she had to admit that what the girl said was true.

"No, you did not know. It was my own fault. Into which room did you show him?"

"Into the dining room. He said he would prefer to wait there. When I went up half an hour later he was gone."

Lillian sprang to her feet, though the maid had not quite finished dressing her hair. "That looks all right, Clementine," she said. "I don't want to spend all day before my glass."

A few minutes later she descended to the dining room. Here was her desk and the rest of drawers in which she kept most of her valuables. The house was small and she did not like to intrude anything in the way of business into her drawing room. She walked straight up to her desk, key in hand.

Lillian was robbed.

There was no need of the key. The desk had been forced. She lifted the lid without effort.

"I thought so—I thought so," she muttered. "He's been at his old tricks again. What a fool I was not to warn the servants; but it is so long since he has interfered with me." She sighed heavily. "Of course he has been after my check book, using his power of forging my signature, and I am too late to stop payment. I wonder if he has cleaned me out? There wasn't much left at the bank."

There was no doubt that the undesirable visitor had acted as Lillian supposed. The book lay open before her. It was the first object that her eyes had met when she opened the desk. Her pass book lay close beside it.

"He was careful to see what balance I had," she sighed. "I suppose he has taken all—all—left me without a penny—it is not the first time." There were tears of vexation in her voice.

Left Her \$25 With His "Love."

She glanced hastily at her pass book, and then turned to verify the mischief she suspected. She had not been mistaken. A check had been torn out and a few words had been scribbled on the stub.

"How good of you, Lillian," such were the words, "to come to my assistance once more. I really am very hard up, and you have quite a little balance. I am leaving you \$25 in case of immediate need." The name Frank was signed to this note.

Lillian fumed with rage. She was more deeply incensed with this treatment than she had been at the abduction by Pietro and all the subsequent unpleasant developments.

"The beast!" she cried in her fury. "Why must he persecute me? All my troubles—he has brought them all upon me. He has been the cause of my life." She threw herself down in a chair, the check book clapped in her hand, and wept in very despair.

Broke And No Income.

What was she to do? For the time being she was penniless. She had no settled income, and her money was accumulated by strange methods. There was one source which had served her for many years, and that, unfortunately, was threatened to fall her now at the very time when she needed it most. The irony of the position struck her. That very day she had cashed checks for large sums, and though the money was of her own earning, she had given it all over to Pietro. How could she have anticipated such a state of affairs at home? Well, Pietro was coming to see her tomorrow, in all fairness he ought to hand her back \$5,000. But was he the sort of man to do such a thing? Lillian shook her head—she knew him too well.

What was she to do? She kept repeating the question. Twenty-five dollars at the bank was all she had, and she was not allowed anything worth mentioning in the way of an overdraft. There remained her jewelry. She had been forced to pawn it before, and now it seemed as if she would be obliged to repeat the experiment.

Received a Caller.

The thought never occurred to her of taking proceedings to have the culprit arrested. It was utterly impossible for her to do so, for a few words from him would place her in the dock by his side. It was a fatality with her that she was always forced to condone crime. Her usual philosophy deserted her. The blow, coming immediately after the hardships she had been enduring, left her utterly prostrated.

She was aroused by the appearance of Clementine. The maid entered the room with the rather stealthy tread that characterized her.

"Does madame receive this afternoon?"

"No, Clementine, I am not at home."

"Clementine was about to retire, when Lillian stopped her by asking the name of the visitor. She had not heard the bell."

"It is Mr. Moncrief."

"Why Moncrief? You look bad."

"Oh, Moncrief," Lillian changed her mind. It suddenly occurred to her that the financial agent might be of possible assistance to her. She knew him too well to be any illusions as to his character, but he had the means of procuring money quickly for other people, and he was fertile in resource.

"I will see Mr. Moncrief," she said. "Show him in here, Clementine."

In a few moments Moncrief was

introduced. He was less spry and debonair than was usual with him, and his face showed signs of the chastisement he had received at the hands of Guy Hocking. He wore, however, the inevitable white flower in his buttonhole. Lillian looked at him in some surprise.

"You don't look yourself," she said.

"I had a scrap the other day," he replied. "That idiot of a husband of yours."

"Yes," he said, "Guy did it."

"Guy?" She lifted her brows in some surprise.

"Yes, I imagined I had him on a deal, and—"

"I expect you had. He seems to have got the best of it." There was a grace of pride in his tone. She had never lost her liking for Guy, and she had no reason to sympathize with the agent! Just now, however, it was not advisable to show her feeling.

"You look upset, too, Lillian. What's wrong?"

"Everything's wrong," she answered pettishly. "I've been subjected to all sorts of ignominy at the hands of that rascal Pietro Renni."

"The Italian blackguard who used to be at Adderly?"

"Yes, you know him. And, on the top of that, when I got back here I find my desk broken open and a check abstracted. That means that every bit of available cash I have has been drawn, and I don't know where to turn for money."

Moncrief gave a low whistle.

"Frank again?" he asked.

"Yes, I hoped that this time he was really going to leave me in peace. He went back to England, and vowed that he would stay there. I suppose he has too much to do now."

"Frank Willoughby always was a consummate liar," said Moncrief.

"He studied in a good school," Lillian retorted with some asperity. "What a crowd he threw me amongst! My path was smooth enough till I met him."

"You should trust no man," he said.

"You should not have given him a hold over you by marrying that fellow Hocking. That was the fatal error, I warned you at the time."

"Frank vowed that I should have my complete liberty; that he would never interfere with anything that I might do. It was part of our contract. I was fool enough to believe him."

"Never believe man or woman when they vow that they are telling the truth," said Moncrief, sententiously. "I speak from experience. But it's too late for regrets now. I, at least, have done all I could. I have always been careful that no one should have any idea that I was acquainted with you or knew anything of your circumstances."

"It was to your interest," she said, grudgingly, then after a pause, "but what is to be done? Can you suggest something? I tell you he's cleared me out, and I don't know where to turn for money."

"No help in sight," he quipped.

"Supplies cut off, for the present at least. And I dare not go to Mrs. Borradale, for she is lying ill attending by her son. He will do nothing, and he is the sort of man to break up the whole mystery at any cost to himself if he knew the truth. He'd go to the police."

"Do you know that that fellow, Edgar Swann, is hot on the trail of the Adderly affair?"

"Is he?" There was some uneasiness in her tone, but she tried to laugh carelessly. "I don't care."

"Would not Miss Vassell help you?"

"She is abroad, and I can't get her address."

"There was a pause. Moncrief sat tapping the floor with his stick. At last he looked up, an ugly smile on his lips.

"Try blackmail," he said.

"You know the secrets of half the men in New York," he said.

"Meaning blackmail," she retorted.

"Yes, just been playing that game for Pietro's benefit. It's a dirty work that I don't appreciate. Still, in case of need, I am not squeamish. She told him in a few words of her recent experience.

"You see it's rather early to begin again," she concluded.

Moncrief pondered. This time the pause was of longer duration. It was Lillian who broke the silence by asking impatiently: "Well?"

"What about that money in Adderly vault?" asked Moncrief, insinuatingly.

"Impossible—impossible!" she shuddered.

"If the whole affair is going to be shown up shortly," urged the man, "he will cheerfully undertake the job. You've no love for him, I suppose, so I don't see why you should mind."

"No, I hate him," she paused. "If he were killed it would be a gain to the world." She paused, and then, with a meaning look at Moncrief, added, "Pietro is coming here tomorrow."

(To Be Continued Monday.)

Another Gripping Installment of "The Wolves of New York" Today



Magazine Page



Unique Sketches for the Red Cross

Society Artist Draws Society's Favorite Little Ones and Donates Proceeds to War Relief

By Margery Rex.

Mrs. E. R. Thomas at work on one of her sketches of society children

PATRIOTIC American women are daily demonstrating new ways to help the work of the Red Cross and other relief societies. Every day there is chronicled a different medium that will help to fill the coffers for humanitarian work in the great world war.

Mrs. E. R. Thomas, who has been at Palm Beach for the past two months, is one of the prominent women in society who has evolved a new way of doing "her bit." An artist of note, Mrs. Thomas has been drawing the "kiddies" of society as they play on the beach at the Southern resort and the proud parents have been delighted to buy the pictures, and Mrs. Thomas has turned her talent into money which has been donated to the Red Cross, for which she has been an ardent worker.

Among her baby models have been the children of Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, George and Alfred; Henry Barbey, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Lorillard Barbey, and the children of Mrs. Quincy Adams Shaw, Ed and Mrs. Christopher D. Smithers.

Before her marriage Mrs. Thomas was Miss Elizabeth R. Finley, an artist of marked ability, who has exhibited at the Paris Salon and has had paintings accepted by the Royal Academy of England. For her own amusement Mrs. Thomas made a series of sketches of her young son and the sketches were so admired by her friends that she was begged to make pictures of other babies and the result is that Mrs. Thomas has been able not only to give some admirable pictures to her friends, but has turned over to the Red Cross a splendid sum as the result of her talent.



Little Henry Barbey, as the clever pencil of Mrs. Thomas caught him busy at play.



George and Alfred Vanderbilt, sons of the late Alfred C. Vanderbilt, playing in the sand.

To My Sweetheart Soldier

MISSIVE FROM WIFE TO HER HUSBAND

Dear Sir:

Today I have been to see the funny little Miss J. and her sister. The general went with me. They live in a funny little house, leaning up against the sea wall. It is a dirty work that I don't appreciate. Still, in case of need, I am not squeamish. She told him in a few words of her recent experience.

"You see it's rather early to begin again," she concluded.

Moncrief pondered. This time the pause was of longer duration. It was Lillian who broke the silence by asking impatiently: "Well?"

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(To Be Continued Monday.)

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A Contemptible Attitude.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am engaged. My fiancé is one of the cleanest cut fellows I have ever met. He is also successful. For this I greatly admire and respect him. But, Miss Fairfax, there is one thing that greatly annoys me. My fiancé is not tall, and I do admire tall men. I have been engaged about a year, and as the time draws near to my marriage, I wonder if I will regret it, feeling as I do. I am considered beautiful, am about 5 feet 4 inches, and my fiancé is 5 feet 2 inches. My brother is very tall, and when I am with him I feel that protection I do not feel with my fiancé. At times I love him devotedly and other times, just for this reason, I seem to feel that I cannot marry him.

YOUR OWN.

This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the adoption of the national ensign in 1818, when it was raised over the House of Representatives, Washington. It was Captain Samuel Chester Reid, of New York, who suggested the increase of stars for the additional States.

Their Married Life

A NARRATIVE OF EVERYDAY AFFAIRS

Helen Asks Carrie's Son to Make a Visit, and Speedily Regrets It

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"BUT, Warren," Helen had protested. "I don't really see how we can manage."

"It isn't the question of how we can manage; we'll have to do it, that's all. Heaven knows I'm not any keener about it than you are."

Helen started for a moment. Was it possible that Warren was actually saying those words about having Carrie's child at the apartment for the week end? It was the first time that Warren had uttered a disloyal remark about any member of his family. No matter what he thought, Helen had never before had the satisfaction of hearing it put into words.

"Of course we'll have him, dear," "there isn't anything else to do just as you say. But I'll manage somehow, don't you worry."

Warren had looked up with a relieved look on his face. "You are a brick, old girl, thanks. I'll make it up to you in some way if the kid is too much of a nuisance."

Helen fairly beamed. "He won't be, Warren. Winifred will play with him and I don't think he'll be any trouble, and I'm awfully sorry for poor Fred. He's worried to death about Carrie."

"Well, I'm not worried about Carrie, I think she'll be all right. She often had these spells when I was living at home and always got over them. I think half the trouble is imagination and temper."

And so Little Roy had been brought into the city for the week end much to his joy at being away from home, and much to Helen's trepidation at having him with her. She knew that Roy had been fearfully spoiled, and that he was not the kind of a child for impressionable Winifred to be with constantly. He was too apt to sow seeds of sedition in the child's mind.

Roy had arrived on Friday night and shortly after his arrival had been put to bed. Saturday morning Helen had taken the children out into the sunshine and now, on Saturday afternoon Helen was reading lazily, and the two children were out in the guest room playing together. Helen could hear their voices plainly and the relationship seemed amicable. Winifred had just suggested that they play "house," and Helen had expected an indignant refusal from Roy. Much to her surprise, however, he consented and the game began.

"Let's play we're your father and mother," suggested Roy.

"Oh," came in Winifred's surprised voice, "why not play we're your father and mother?"

"That wouldn't be any fun," scoffed Roy.

"Why? 'Cause you're a girl and don't understand."

"I can so understand," persisted Winifred.

"Well, my mother says your mother hasn't any gumption," said Roy.

Helen's cheeks flushed hotly, but she listened intently to what was coming.

"What's gumption?"

"Oh," floundered Roy in an effort to explain, "she never stands up for her rights. She's not like my mother, my mother is the boss in our house."

"Well, my mother doesn't want to be boss in our house," said Winifred staunchly, "and I don't want to play your old game."

"Ah, come on," wheedled Roy. "It's lots of fun. You be aunt Helen and I'll be Uncle Warren."

Helen stole to the door to hear better and to peep through the heavy curtains to see what Roy was doing. Her heart was beating uncomfortably, although she told herself that it was nonsense to let the prattle of a spoiled child bother her. Of course if Carrie talked to Fred before Roy it was quite natural that the child would pick up things of that kind to use for his own amusement. No doubt Carrie laughed at them and encouraged them, thinking Roy unusually cute.

"Now I come home like this," said Roy, swaggering in with a fairly good imitation of Warren, "and you ask me for some money."

Winifred was interested in the game now, and walked up to Roy with her mother's step faithfully imitated.

"Warren, dear," she said, "you let me have some money tonight, I shall need a little more this week."

Roy glowered at her. "Money," he growled, "have you spent what I gave you? Where's the money you had the other night?"

This was too much for Helen, and she walked into the room where the children were and spoke to Roy severely.

"Roy, that isn't a nice game to play. Don't you know that it's wrong to imitate your aunt and uncle? And, Winifred, Helen said turning to her daughter, "I'm surprised that you wanted to make fun of mother."

Roy looked sullen, but Winifred's lip began to quiver. "O mother, I didn't mean to, I didn't want to play the game," she began, then her voice quivered into tears and she began to cry.

Helen was on the verge of nervous tears herself. She wanted to punish Roy; she longed to send him home, the humiliation of having one's weaknesses paraded is a thing that cannot be forgiven readily. O Warren's people were impossible! Sometimes she wished that she had never married into the family in spite of her love for Warren.

To Be Continued.

Puss in Boots Jr.

A PLEASING GOOD-NIGHT SERIES

By David Cory.

I was just getting exciting when I had to leave off in the last story, for don't you remember the handsome prince with Little Puss Junior had just jumped out of the castle and was running like a wicked lord came down stairs with a sword in his hand and struck at the handsome prince. And, oh, dear me! the handsome prince received a great wound in his arm and his sword fell from his hand. And then Little Puss jumped up on the banisters and before that wicked lord could kill the prince or brave little cat cut off the wicked lord's head.

And then a great key fell to the floor with a bang, and Puss picked it up, and he and the handsome prince, who felt very weak because his arm hurt him dreadfully, you know, went down into the basement and then down into the cellar, and then down into the dungeon.

And I don't see how Little Puss Junior knew that the key would fit the dungeon door, but it did, and in less than 500 short seconds the lovely princess was led out, for it was so dark that you could hardly see, and if it hadn't been for the flaming feather in Puss Junior's cap, which was just as good as a little lamp that a miner wears in his cap, I don't believe they would have found their way back to the great hall.

Well, after the prince had his arm bound up with bandages and the lovely princess an ice cream soda, they all felt happy as blue birds in

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To Be Continued.